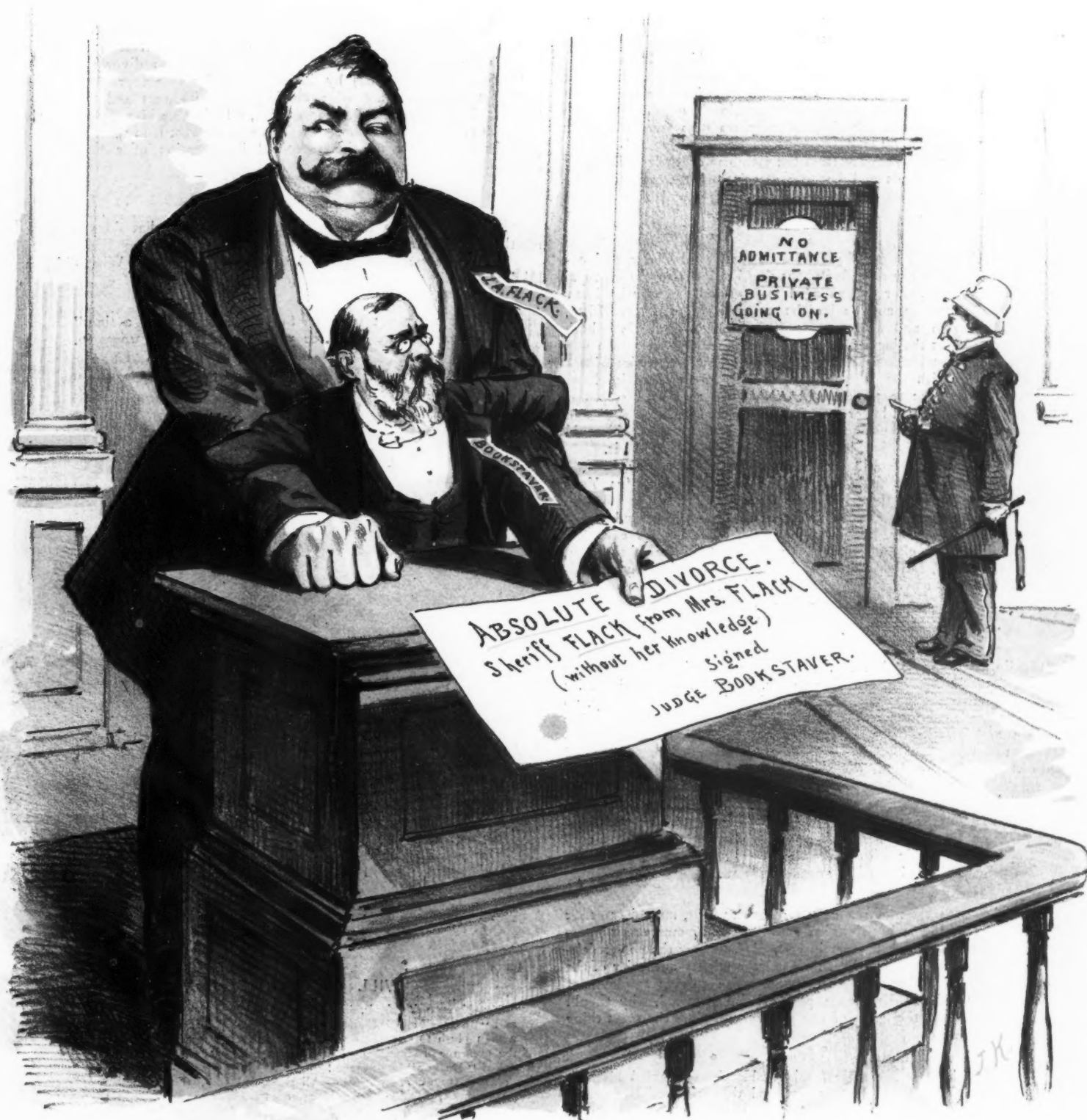


KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers..

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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



"IT'S TAMMANY, QUITE TAMMANY, YOU KNOW!"



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Keppeler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, August 14th, 1889. — No. 649.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THERE are some old stories that will bear telling and re-telling. This is one that has been printed once already in this column. But there is really no reason why it should not be printed here every week of the year.

There was once a King in Persia — or wherever the fabulous kings usually reign — who was very much dissatisfied with the way things were going in his court. There was corruption all about him. His courtiers took bribes just as freely as he himself accepted presents from tributary princes. His head men, his most valuable officers, whom he had chosen by way of marking his special favor — often graciously overlooking their manifest incapacity — were selecting subordinates who were obviously unfit for their places. All the officials whom he had placed in power were selecting their subordinates from the members of their families, or from their personal friends and business associates, or from those who were willing to offer them bribes. And the King found that he was uncommonly ill served.

One morning the King walked out with his Grand Vizier, and enlivened the promenade by grumbling about the state of things in his royal palace. The Grand Vizier was an aged man of judgement, who knew when to hold his tongue, and he let the monarch prate of favoritism, nepotism, corruption and mismanagement generally, until they both stopped to wonder at the incredible stupidity of a serving-maid who was trying to wash the marble steps of a large house. This most unintelligent person had begun with the bottom step, and, having washed it clean, had gone upward to the next. So, of course, when that next step was washed clean, the first and lower step was all covered with the suds and dirty water, and had to be cleaned off again before the house-maid could pass to the third step — which, in its turn, fouled the two below it.

"Lives there such a fool in my kingdom?" asked the King.

"There lives such a fool," replied the Grand Vizier, "as Your Majesty sees. Moreover, there lives another such. He is the monarch who expects to see every step before his throne filled with loyal and honest courtiers, diligently employed in refraining from imitating his example. If thou wouldst have clean steps to thy throne, O Ruler of the Sun, Master of the Moon, Delight of the Universe, Grandson of thy Grandfather, if thou wouldst have clean steps to the chair in which thou sittest,

"Scour downward from the top —
O King, begin with THINE!"

We do not suppose that Mr. Harrison walks about Washington streets in the early morning, growling to Mr. James G. Blaine about his subordinates' misuse of power. He lies in his bed and sleeps calmly, no doubt, quite satisfied in his honest Indianapolis conscience that he has done all that he ought to do, as President of the United States, in providing comfortable places for the impecunious members of his family, and in satisfying the demands of the various politicians who feel that they have a right to support their supporters by giving them work in the government service. Yet the time must come when Mr. Harrison will understand that the American people, indulgent as they are, require some service of those whom they select to govern them, and will not be content to have their public officers use their power wholly and simply for their own private convenience and accommodation.

And when this time of realization comes to him, must he not see that to put his administration right before the people he must scour downward from the top step? If his appointees maladminister the power delegated to them, whose fault is it? If they use the mighty authority of the government only to further their own private ends; to give employment to their relatives and to their friends, political and personal, why should they be blamed, when the head of the government does the same thing — and does nothing else?

Five months have passed since President Harrison assumed his high office. In those five months he has removed thousands of Democrats

from office, appointed a number of his friends and relatives to comfortable places, dealt out offices to Republicans as he saw fit — and that is all. So far as any question of governing is concerned, we might as well have chosen any head-clerk of a business office, who would have had no higher idea than that of filling all available places with his fellow-clerks. For that is all our President makes of the privileges and responsibilities of his office. Shall we blame any man on his staff if he looks on public service as a means of personal profit, and nothing more? Why should he think otherwise? Has not the President, on the highest step of all, set the example? If he uses the enormous power of the Chief Magistracy of the United States to find jobs for his relatives and friends, why may not his followers make a profitable intelligence-office of the party which put him in power only to grasp the offices which he might distribute?

What a merry little Family Party! Divorces procured without publicity — excepting when they are found out; and then the publicity may become slightly embarrassing. New York City is learning some of the advantages of having her government in the hands of a "Responsible Organization." *Harper's Weekly*, — *A Journal of Civilization*, contained a few weeks ago a very interesting account of the inner workings of the Tammany Society, and the Flack Divorce Case is an interesting exhibition of the beautiful manner in which the workings work. Citizens will hesitate, perhaps, at another election, before putting their trust in an organization which is responsible for a Sheriff who obtains a divorce (without the knowledge of his wife) by the aid of a Judge who approves the findings of a Referee in a hearing conducted by Lawyers and hushed up through the connivance of a Court Clerk, all of whom also are prominent members of the organization. Citizens may distrust it in spite of all the glamour cast on it by the successful inauguration of a magnificent Exhibition.

NO PROHIBITIONISTS.

NEW YORKER (to COL. BOURBON). — Colonel, what do you drink mostly down in Kentucky?

COL. BOURBON. — Drink! Why, whiskey, of course! What did you think we drank — lager? We're no Prohibitionists!

"YOU MUST not work on Sunday, because it is a sin;"

But *via* Private Entrance you may blow your wages in.

July 14th.

Three men held in New York City for scraping a ceiling.
One man held in Jersey City for collecting old bottles.
Four men fined in Boston for making hay.



WILL BE GOOSEY, NEXT.

MR. NUWED (tenderly, but inflexibly). — It seems to me that "Lovey" and "Sweetie" and "Dearie" ought to afford you scope enough. It makes a man blush to be called "Darling" at every other word, particularly in the presence of strangers. But I draw the line at "Duckey." I won't be called "Duckey" by any one!

MRS. NUWED (tearfully). — All right, "Birdie," I won't. But I love you so much, "Dolly," that it's hard not to. Don't you understand, "Baby"?

HIS HAPPIEST HOUR.



CAPTAIN GADD (*of the Flyaway*).—That was a stiffish blow we had last night off the Head; how did you make out?

CAPTAIN SADD (*of the Sea Dog*).—Like a mermaid on a dolphin, me boy. That was just the sort of weather I like. My happiest hour is —



— when the foam is flying!



THE MOUNTEBANKS.

OVER OUR HEADS the branches made
A canopy of woven shade.

The birds about this beechen tent,
Like deft attendants came and went.

A shy wood-robin, fluting low,
Furnished the music for the show.

The cricket and the grasshopper,
A portion of the audience were.

Thither did Fancy leap to throw
Light summersaultings to and fro;

Wit, the sly jester of the Town,
And rustic Humor played the clown;

Reason was ring-master, and waved
His whip when these his anger braved;

Wishes were horses that each rode
Unto his heart's desire's abode.

There Laughter and Delight and Glee
Performed their parts that all might see;

Till a sweet wind across the clover
Whispered: "At last, the show is over."

And the broad shadow of a cloud
Moved from us like a moving crowd.

Charles Henry Lüders.

NO OBJECTIONS.

MR. DOWNY LIPP.—Do you object to smoke, Miss Gertrude?

MISS GERTRUDE.—Oh, I don't object to a cigar, or a pipe, or a kerosene lamp, or a tar-kettle. But why don't you light your cigarette, Mr. Lipp?

DOWNY LIPP.—I—I'm afraid I have n't any match.

IT MAY BE desirable to live to a green old age; but when you have attained it, please keep away from the bunco men.

"TRY OUR SURPASSING coffee with pure rich cream!" echoed the hungry wayfarer, as he read the restaurant sign. "Why, all dem adjectives just fills a feller clean up to der neck. Dat bloke's advertisin' is enough to drive away custom!"

A JOHN MARY ANN is the latest name for a man that pushes his baby about in a perambulator.

DUDLEY ON HARRISON—"A little more than kin, and less than kind."

IT'S ALL a matter of taste. Some people have a preference for rare Ben Jonson; others for well-done, good and faithful servant.

PARIS LEADS, New York follows, Chicago imitates. As long as the sun goes 'round, "Westward the star of Fashion takes its way."

IF SIXTY geographical miles make one degree, how long would it take an ocean steamship to acquire a College Fellowship?

THE RELIGIOUS PAPERS are in a great stew because the Rev. Dr. Willey, of Hollywood, Mich., recently killed a burglar with a bung-starter. Some people seem to think that because a man is a minister, he ought to kill burglars with a rosewood croquet mallet.

IT WAS ALL very well for the brave Lawrence to say: "Don't give up the ship!" But when it is a postmastership that you hold, and the President cuts your head off short, you are hardly to be blamed for giving it up.

WHAT A QUIET, economical world we would live in, if it were not for the movements of the under jaw!

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY, Cedric, seems to be a sort of family party.



CONSCIENTIOUS.

MR. ARTHUR WADLEY.—Would n't you like to join in a little game of pokah at our cabin to-night?

BLUD MESERVE.—What's th' ante?

MR. WADLEY.—Five cents.

BLUD MESERVE.—Say, young feller, I never insulted a deck of cyards yet, an' I ain't goin' ter begin now!

THE ROSE OVER THE WAY.



IT IS ALWAYS a difficult thing to judge by appearances. Now, if you looked out of my back window, you would say I lived in a rather tough ranch, even for the first ward. You might see the yard where Terence Sullivan — a better Irishman never lived, rest his soul — kicked his mother to death; the dirty Turks playing a game of chance with the beads of a rosary; two little boys, fresh from Holland, riding on the horns of a goat; a whiskered Cuban piping on a broken flute, and cursing the noise in the streets; and ever so many more queer folks. But if you glanced out of the front windows, you might think you were looking across Fifth Avenue, the home of the wide-pantalooners.

Very often, coming home from work, I look across the street to the first-floor windows of No. 10, to get a sight of the Rose. It may seem queer, but Summer or Winter that Rose always blooms. It is n't painted on the window-shades, mind you, and it is n't the name of a saloon, with a Sunday side-door and a string for the policeman. But a real live, growing, blushing Rose, with the prettiest color in the whole world. When you first see it, you don't understand how it can exist here in the midst of all this heat and dirt. It has given me ever so many turns, and I've thought about it a good deal. One night I went up to my room and wrote four verses about it — quite a bit of poetry, I assure you; and Billy Duncan, the well-known song-and-dance man, afterward made the piece quite popular in Hoboken beer-gardens. It was n't the equal of the "Rose of Sharon," I admit, but it was a dandy, and made enough money for Billy to go on many a starring tour to Cone and Blackwell's Islands.

'T is a very neat arrangement to build a man so that he can fall in love with a Rose. In the first place, it shows you that you don't own the whole of New York, even if, (as in my case,) you have a cousin on the force, and a brother whose only boy is named McKee Harrison. Again, it shows you that love, like the rose — the flower, I mean — is a very delicate affair, but, at the same time, is as thick as an Avenue C cocktail. Sure, Father Dolan told me that a man who could fall in love with a Rose would have his pick of the harps, and have ballasts on his wings. And seeing that Father Dolan was a member of the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of Drumgool," before he became a priest, he is the boy who knows.

But it's little you get in this world without asking for it. I've made up my mind any number of times to go over to No. 10, and ask for the Rose, I'm that heart-sick for it. I'm a bachelor, and have often thought 't would be very nice to have the Rose over here, lighting up my dingy rooms with its pretty face, and adding a bit of sunshine to the darkness. I've often thought of that when smoking my pipe of an evening on the steps, and watching those pig-tail rat-eaters lifting an iron at a shirt. But I did n't do it, and now it's too late. I met Mrs. O'Neill — a very respectable woman and the widow of a G. A. R. man who died while fighting his way into a saloon — in the Italian grocery on the corner, and she told me that Jerry Donohue, whose father is the finest undertaker in town, and who can bury an Italian or a whiskey with equal agility, drove up to No. 10 this afternoon, and went in the house. Mrs. O'Neill thought something might have happened, because she saw a lot of lobster cans on top of the ash barrel, in front of No. 10, this morning. But Mrs. Flaherty told her that Jerry drove the Rose up to the Mayor's office, and was married to her. This goes mighty hard



INSTINCT.

LOEWENSTEIN. — Would n't leetle Jacob come here und gif his uncle a kiss?

LITTLE JACOB. — Yes; if you gif me back *two*!

on an old bachelor like me, to have a youngster call "muggins" on him. But if he takes her to live in the "Coal Scuttle" flats his father owns, I'll get him divorced, by St. Patrick I will.

De Witt Sterry.

REMOVING THE OBSTACLE.

JUDGE. — Prisoner at the bar, have you any thing to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?

PRISONER. — Yes, your Honor.

JUDGE. — State your reasons.

PRISONER. — My mother-in-law is in the court-room.

JUDGE. — Will the prisoner's mother-in-law step into the ante-room?

PRISONER (*with a sigh of relief*). — Go on, Judge.

TWO SONGS.

I.
Outside my window in a tree
A little bird sang merrily;
Forth went his song he cared not where, —
'T would live forever on waves of air.

II.
Inside the window I sang, too,
And sent my song to a review.
O happy bird out in the tree!
My little song came back to me.

E. Buckingham.

"PARADOXICAL AS IT may appear, quinine will never be a drug in the market," observed a Long Islander.
"Shake!" replied his Jersey friend.

DEMOCRATS ARE the latest fad in Washington turnouts. They are all the go.

NO, PERCY, you need not discard your straw hat with a white band because you saw a Chinaman wearing one. White is Chinese mourning, and grief is sacred. Some fourteen years ago, when you were wondering whether your other teeth would come, the whole nation was plunged in mourning by seeing young men wear black straw hats with lavender bands.

THE MAN who orders Frankfurter is prepared for the würrst.



HE WAS A CORKER, TOO.

JACK POYNTZ. — I say, Bob, don't you think Raceland is a good one?

BOB DARKUN. — Oh, yes; he's a corker.

JACK POYNTZ. — But what do you think of Inspector B.?

BOB DARKUN. — That's a corker, too.

JACK POYNTZ. — By the way, Bob, I've put my stake on Terra Cotta.

BOB DARKUN. — Oh, you bet your sweet life, he's a corker!

Puck's Pictorial Gazetteer

XXXVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.



THIS is a quiet, restful place upon the Pennsylvania Railroad, (or rather upon a short spur of that road, on which trains are backed to the station,) about ninety miles southwest from New York. It lies upon the Delaware River, and may also be reached by boat from Bristol, Pennsylvania, and from Gloucester and Burlington, New Jersey. Daily mails are received from New York and Baltimore. The hotels and boarding-houses are larger than those at many of the quieter class of resorts — rather superior

perhaps to those at Milford, and partaking of the character of the village, they have that delightfully quaint, old-time, substantial air which one seldom sees, save in towns which have survived from the earlier period of our history, and been left apart from the whirr and hum and din of the present harshly progressive age. Busses from several of these houses connect with trains at the station.

I can not be too grateful to the friend who first recommended this spot to me, when I was completely worn out by the cares of business and somewhat exacting social duties at my home in Passaic, and needed absolute quiet and rest. Many people come here for rest from Atlantic City and Camden. People who find the cool evening in the mountains or the damp air of the seashore trying to their constitutions, those who do not care for the gaiety and dissipation of such places as Asbury Park, Ocean Grove, or Chautauqua; and those in delicate health, those who love quiet, and the aged generally, can not fail to be pleased here.

A very good general store is kept near the station by Mr. Wanamaker.

At certain hours of the day the village presents an appearance of unwonted stir, and one might imagine that the residents were called forth by business interest or some unusual occurrence. But it is only caused by the passing of people through the streets to Camden, nearly opposite which (upon the Delaware) Philadelphia is located. However, if the day is comparatively quiet, all is changed at night. Nobody is upon the street then, except an occasional belated caller. Naught is heard but the barking of the dogs at the neighboring farm-houses, the soft call of the whip-poor-will, the sighing wind, and the drowsy lapping of the dark

waters upon the timbers of the wharf, which, it is said, was built for Washington to land upon when he crossed the Delaware, but was not finished until too late.

The quiet of the place is conducive to the growth of the literary spirit. Two of the farmers here — Mr. Childs and Mr. Singerly — add to their profits as agriculturists by printing newspapers which give the news of the town and vicinity, and they have advertisements of the Store and a time-table of the railroad. But the three principal literary men of Philadelphia are Horace Howard Furness, George H. Boker (poet), and Walt Whitman, of Camden — something in the same way that the three great men of Pennsylvania were Benjamin Franklin, of Massachusetts, Albert Gallatin, of Switzerland, and Thaddeus Stevens, of Vermont.

There is good crab fishing in the Delaware. It is not necessary to bring "tackle," as it can be bought at the Store.

Those who do not care to stay at any of the hotels or boarding-houses can secure good accommodations in private families, where they can have fresh vegetables, milk, fruits, fish, etc.; and this is always the best way for those who wish to study the manners and customs of the people among whom they live. More

can be learned about some things in this way in one Summer than by staying at the hotels every season for a life-time.

At the farm-houses the fare is substantial, simple and wholesome. Catfish and waffles is a favorite dish for tea or luncheon. Then, for those who remain until Autumn touches with her enchantment the foliage along the village streets and roads, there is the life-giving scrapple, which nowhere so nearly reaches the ideal as here. He who sojourns here through the Summer and early Fall, enjoying such simple, wholesome fare as I have indicated, and living the free, innocent, healthful, hardy yet reposeful life of the natives themselves, will certainly go back to the city — whether it be Trenton, Passaic, Hoboken, or wherever else he may reside — with an entirely new feeling of pleasure.

A. M.



ICEBERG FLOTSAM.



"Oh, Jack, warn those bathers, quick! There's a large walrus coming in shore!"



THE "WALRUS" ON SHORE.

A SLEEPING-CAR HORROR.



IGHT HAD spread her inky mantle all over things, shutting from the view of the passengers the high-priced scenery on either side of the train. Wearied by a long day's journey the occupants of the car had one by one retired to enjoy undisturbed the repose which the luxurious appointments of the car afforded, while Mr. Pullman's tinted assistant was exercising his right arm in reducing to a state of patent-leather glossiness the outer surfaces of the various pairs of shoes he had been able to abduct from their rightful owners. He was also exercising great care in the matter, but his arm got far more exercise than great care did.

An atmosphere of holy calm pervaded the car, and bulged out at the top through the ventilators, while the weary passengers, wrapped in slumber and blankets, unconsciously sped on to their journey's ends.

But hold! (This statement is merely thrown in for its dramatic effect, and I can not vouch for its truth.) What is that low rumbling noise which ominously sounds upon the midnight stillness, hitherto unbroken save for the now faint rattle of the train?

Even the inexperienced in such matters would unhesitatingly pronounce it a snore—a snore which seems to take up the monotonous refrain of the wheels beneath, and carry it along on its ponderous way with many added and wholly superfluous chest tones. It is a nasal symphony which fills the remotest recesses of that migratory palace, or at least all of them it can find, so full that they will not hold any more, and now it goes on eight cars ahead, and serves notice on the engineer. That brave man, as is customary with engineers in time of danger, grasps the throttle, and thinks of his wife and little ones at home. Don't understand me as saying that he did any thing with the throttle after grasping it. None of them ever do; but this would not be a genuine railroad story unless I brought the phrase in.

Having gotten this point off my mind, I will now return to the sleeper. The train sped on in the darkness, as is customary with trains at night, according to time-table. So did the snore, only the latter gained noticeably upon the former, and it did n't require any time-table, either. Ever and anon it would rise up into unexplored heights of snoredom, and become terribly and pitifully shrill in its intensity; but these were mere transient oscillations, after which it would gravitate determinedly back to that settled saw-mill baritone in which it had been first introduced to the public.

Low muttered curses soon floated out from various berths, and rested on what little atmosphere the snore was n't using, and various unkind remarks were made concerning Mr. Pullman's penchant for sarcasm, as exhibited in his designating them as sleeping-cars.

The air took on the azure tint of the sky on a tranquil Summer's day. Baffled Morpheus went out on the rear platform to ride, fully con-



AN ASTYGMATIC COMPLAINT.

MRS. MCPHE. — Phat's dthe matther wid yure man the day, Mrs. O'Hay?

MRS. O'HAY. — He hild dthe dhrill fur two cross-eyed Oitalians yesterday, an' dthe doctur sez its nervous preparation he has.



NO LACK OF EXPRESSION.

MISS SEEKLYFFE. — What a blank look Mr. Snags has at times.
BILLY BLAZER. — That's only when he's mad about something.
MISS SEEKLYFFE. — How's that?
BILLY BLAZER. — Why, he swears with his eyes.

vinced that his soporiferous power would avail him nothing when pitted against an able-bodied snore.

Soon it was decided that the snore issued from "Lower 6," but strong men faltered when it was suggested that some one request the occupant of that berth to be less somnolently demonstrative. The volume of the snore, that is, the published volume, betokened a man of unusual size and strength, and perhaps of ungovernable temper.

A collection was hastily taken up, with which the porter agreed to be subsidized to the end that he induce the dread occupant of "Lower 6" to refrain from giving audible evidence of the fact that he was dreaming, sweetly dreaming.

With light, firm tread and unblanched cheek he approached the berth, and, reaching between the curtains, appeared to shake the agitated slumberer. The snore ceased. There was no doubt about this. The verdict was unanimous.

After that the rattle of the wheels had a chance, the engineer quit grasping the throttle, and Morpheus came back into the car and grumbly proceeded to get in his work a second time that night.

The night wore on. I am not informed what the night wore on that occasion, but I presume it was something suitable.

When all is once more quiet, the Porter appears on the scene.

He cautiously makes his way to "Lower 6," and pauses a moment in order that we may study his expression. There is no malignant glare in his eye—in either of them, for that matter—but a glad smile of triumph renders the most of his face invisible, and imparts a lurid tint to the circumambient air. He softly reaches between the curtains and withdraws

"MURPHY'S AUTOMATIC SNOROGRAPH."

He had purchased one of those cunning little phonographs, of which Mr. Edison is the author, snored it full of snore the previous day, with the assistance of several friends, and arranged the automatic part himself.

As he carefully bore the ingenious contrivance to his studio at the rear end of the car, his disengaged hand tenderly caressed \$13.95 in silver coin, the result of its first night's work, and the fact that this is undeniably an age of progress and invention dawned upon him with dazzling brilliancy.

H. L. Wilson.

AN INFALLIBLE INDICATION.

When Chappie returns from dear Lunnion,
y' know,

The fact is betrayed by his dress;
But a more unmistakable sign doth he show,
For he *will* call the Princess, "Prin-cess!"



JUVENILE REMINISCENCES.

FIRST SMALL BOY.—D' ye remember that day las' week w'en we got inter Farmer Hayseed's orch'd?

SECOND SMALL BOY.—Yes; an' d' ye remember what a lot of apples we got?

"Yes; an' d' ye remember how sour they was?"

"Yes; an' d' ye remember how the dog got arter us an' tore our clothes?"

"Yes; an' d' ye remember what a lot we eat w'en we got away?"

"Yes; an' d' ye remember how sick we all was?"

"Yes; did n't we have a bully time!"

JACOB IS SKEPTICAL.

PARSON HENROOST.—Uncle Jake, I feel much consarned about you. Den you doan b'lieve a bahd man gwine suffah 'ternal fiah furebber?

UNCLE JAKE.—No, sah; an' de reason fur why I doan b'lieve it are bekase as how dat no constitution could n' stan' it.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

OLD SI LOW (*on Fifth Avenue stage*).—I don't see any thing but passenger wagons on this line, driver.

DRIVER.—That's all we run, sir.

OLD SI LOW.—That's funny. I heard somewhere that Colonel Shepard also 'tended to the *Mail and Express*.



THEY MET BY CHANCE.

THIN BATHER.—I beg pardon, sir. Have we not met before?

STOUT BATHER.—Possibly, sir. I am Blobson, the inventor of "Blobson's Great Anti-Fat Remedy."

THIN BATHER.—Ah, I knew I could not be mistaken. I am Professor Dingbats, of the School of Physical Culture. Shake!

WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING.

STRANGER (*in Boston*).—I beg pardon, sir; but can you tell me the way to Milk Street?

NATIVE BOSTONIAN.—Go right down this street till you come to the Old South, and then—

STRANGER.—The Old South? What's that?

NATIVE.—Why, the Old South Church, to be sure! Do you mean to tell me you never heard of it before? Most interesting building in all Boston. The British soldiers were quartered there during the Revolution, and after that—

STRANGER.—But I don't want to hear any thing about the Old South Church. I only want to go to Milk Street.

NATIVE.—Well, if you don't care any thing about the Old South, it's entirely immaterial whether you get to Milk Street or not.

ANOTHER EVIL.

VISITOR (*at Squashburg*).—Have you ever had the cholera or yellow fever here?

NATIVE.—No; but a militia regiment camped here a couple of summers ago.

A DOUBTING HEART.

I AM IN LOVE, and also in doubt,

The reason for which I'll explain:

The maiden I love is a stenographer,
And the thought that troubles my brain

Is whether when settled in a nice little flat,
On the seventeenth story or so,

The cooking will be in stenographer's style,
Or like my mother's of long ago.



Will the steak be cooked in little curls?

Will the pie be shorthand inside or out?

Will the bread be served in twists and twirls?
All this I'd like to know about.

For I've watched my "dearest" write a page
Of those little marks that look so insane,
And have quite decided that stuff like that
Must crowd all else from a person's brain.

M. A. C.

CHEATED HIMSELF.

GASKET.—Yes, sir; I'm a self-made man.

SMOTHERED VOICE.—Then you cheated yourself.

IN FRONT OF LONG BRANCH CLUB HOUSE.

STRANGER (*to REGULAR VISITOR*).—How much does it cost to go in?

REGULAR VISITOR.—That's hard to say before you come out.

EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS.

NEW HIRED MAN.—How much water do you give the stock?

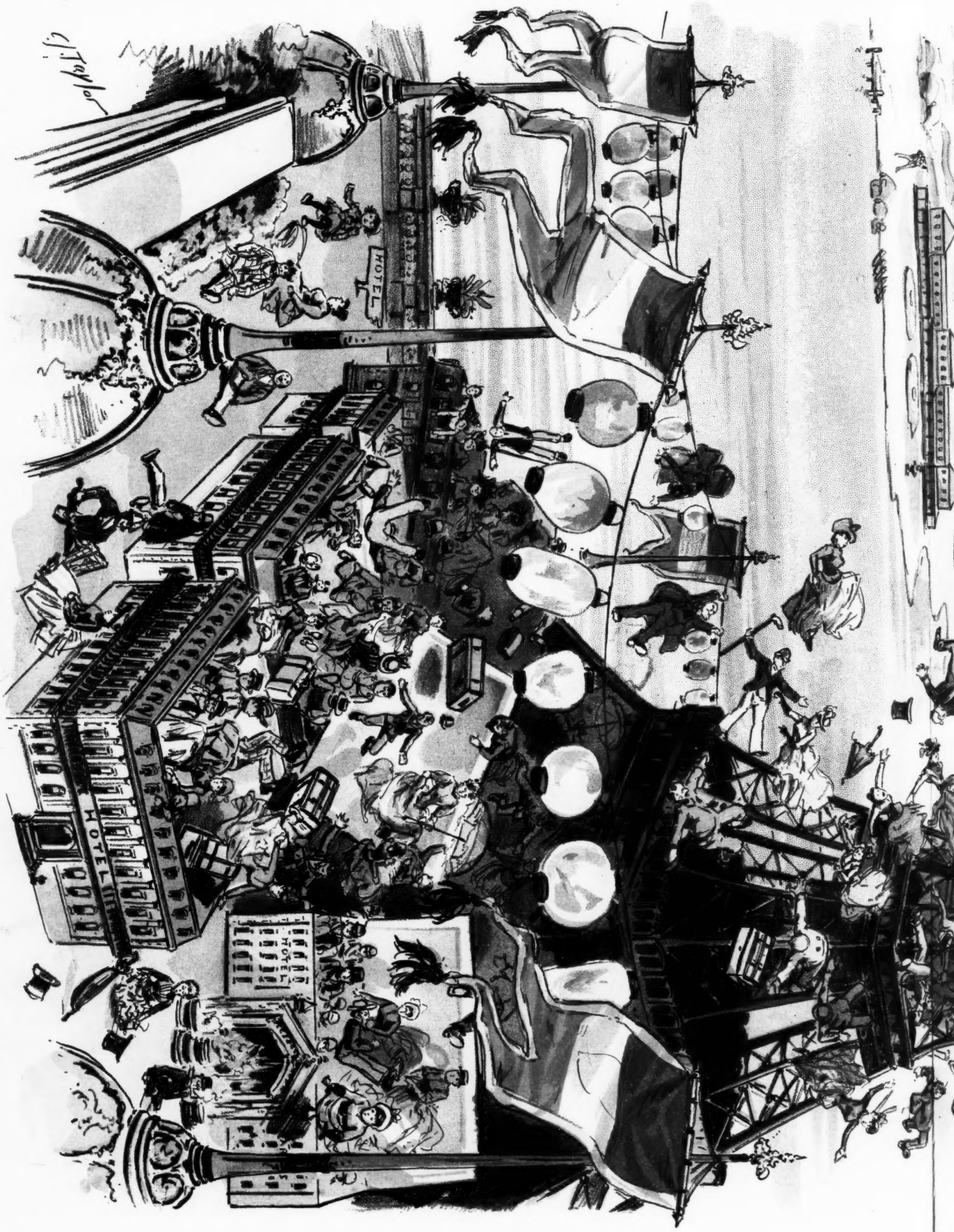
DAIRY FARMER.—Make it half-and-half.



TWISTED HISTORY.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—And now, Johnny Hapgood, it's your turn. What did his father do when the prodigal son returned?

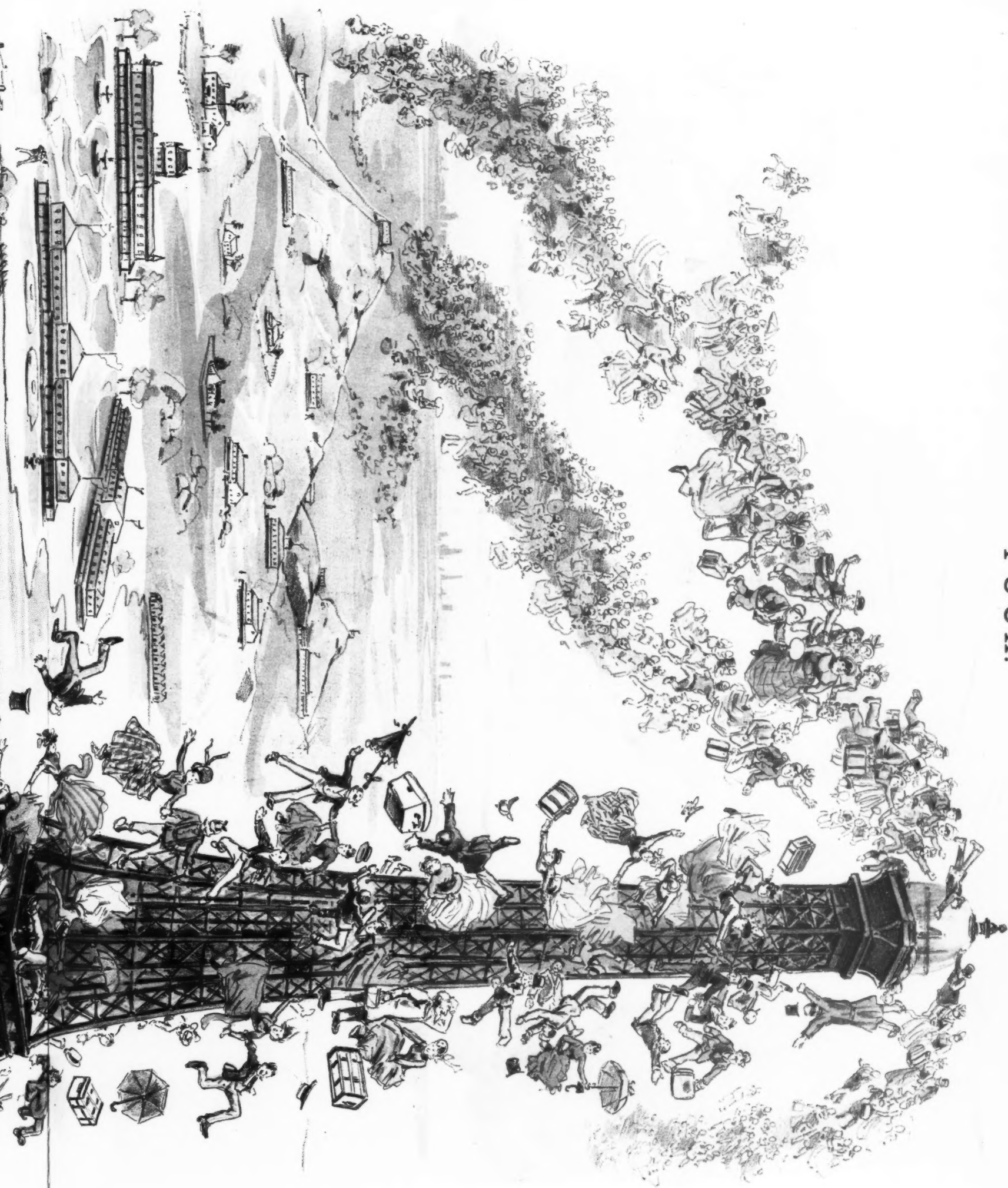
JOHNNY (*who can't help reading the sporting editions of the daily press*).—Please, sir, he jumped on his neck and kissed him.



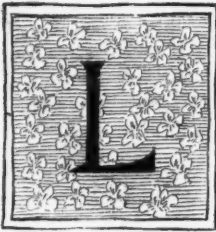
OUR LOSS IS PARIS' GAIN.

The Great Attraction that keeps our Summer resorts empty this season—but we'll get square in 1892.

PUCK.



A FLY-PAPER.



LYING HERE on my back the last few weeks, I have had the true inwardness of the fly borne in upon me unusually. For so light a subject I may say that the fly has left a deep impression on me. It has cost me much trouble to send in pursuit of fleeing friends, and assure them that those marks are not small-pox pits — just fly-tracks. For I confess with humiliation that there are “flies on me” — on me bigger than a house.

I have never before sailed on my shape; but begin to feel encouraged to do so — when I’m able to sail at all again. The most discriminating flies are stuck on it. They come miles to see the dimple in my left knee, and to explore the graceful sinuosities of my ear. I can not understand it at all. They keep my room in a hum of delight over the salient points of my anatomy, and in this hot weather most of the points are salient. In fact, I have become a Summer resort for all the select fly society of New Mexico. The trouble is, I get no rent, except by rendering my innumerable undergarments in trying to stem the tide of popularity.

There have always been some things about a fly’s temperament that I never could understand; and there are still more now. My room is an adobe, long and cool, and shady. The able aboriginal architect, who composed it was of a retiring disposition, and walled off a little alcove for the bed, which is almost in a room by itself. There is nothing attractive there — nay, Vanity, I insist, *nothing*. I am there — that’s all. Out in the room-at-large are dishes and water-jars, and the most alluring fly-paper, and everything else a fly could ask.

But they never pause there. They come straight around the wing-wall, and hold grand marches up and down my projecting limbs, and sit on my head and wiggle the short hairs with their feet, and walk up my nose to see if I have any visible means of literary support, anyhow, and caucus in my ears, and play hide-and-coop up my shirt-sleeves, and generally try to make me feel at home. Even those that stop to imbibe at the fly-paper on entering, always come over to die with me. My mouth is usually open, to let my thoughts get ventilated, and that probably seems to them a very inviting grave — sense of the infinite sort of chimes with their moribund mood. My teeth have been compared to gravestones, but I never expected to have them utilized that way.

One mystery haunts me — how, with all their childish freedom, they are so stuck up. There isn’t a glue-pot within ten miles of this Indian town; but, somehow, they get there just the same. Instead of wiping their feet on entering, they always preface their visits by wading in that somewhere glue. Stick? Why, in the defunct pocket — chronometers of the night I am often awakened by a procession walking across me with a noise like a funeral on a muddy road, or that around the Central Park benches after nightfall.

My opinion of flies has declined, without thanks. While affectionate — even clinging — in their nature, they are like most clinging people, and do not know when to let go. I trust the feeling is not mutual. If, after such close familiarity with me, they have as poor an opinion of me as I have of them, I never could look a fly in the face again.

Chas. F. Lummis.

THE DIFFERENCE.

FATTY SPACER. — Where are your family this Summer, Desque?

ED. DESQUE. — They’re stopping at a little hamlet down on Long Island.

SPACER. — And you?

DESQUE. — I’m boarding at a little ham and egglet on Park Row.

THAT NEW
“ELIXIR OF LIFE.”

We hope that Dr. Brown-Séguard will not carry his experiments with it to —



— this extreme.



BOUND TO BE IN THE SWIM.

CITY NEPHEW. — What in thunder are you standing in that water for, Uncle?

UNCLE ENOCH. — I’m soakin’ th’ blackin’ off my old cowhides, so as ter make ‘em look like them yaller shoes you city folks wear.

THE PRINCE OF MONTANA, EN ROUTE.

THE PRESIDENT (reading a letter from Russell). — “Last night I slept in Windsor Castle, where the Queen lives.” H’m. Your uncle must be careful, Benny, or he will lose us the Irish vote.

BENNY. — Read the rest of it, Grandpa. Perhaps he grumbles about red ants or something.

ABOUT THE SIZE OF IT.

ALDERMAN BUHL. — I saw you conferring with Congressman Shouter this morning.

ALDERMAN DEDLOCK. — Why, yes; he said that we ought to get together.

ALDERMAN BUHL. — But get together on *what*?

ALDERMAN DEDLOCK. — On keeping him in office, I suppose. He declined to discuss principles for fear of causing discord.

“THESE ARE the times that try men’s bodies!” said Stout, as he put on his third collar since morning.

THE CRIMINAL finds something shocking in the levity of “Button, button, who’s got the button?”

RED HOT — A Boiled Lobster.

A LARGE SHARK was washed ashore at Coney Island the other day, inside of which was found the skeleton of a man’s finger, upon which was a brass ring, the corrosion of which had inflamed the shark’s stomach, probably causing its death. The S. P. C. A. people have taken out a warrant for the arrest of the rest of the man. It’s high time this habit of wearing of bogus jewelry was stopped.

NO DUSTY MILLER — Warner. His Name is Mud.

THE CHILD is father of the man; but the grandchild promises to be boss of the Nation.

AUNTIE AND THE BEE.



"Ain't got no time to fool now;
so jes buzz yo' se'f outen heah."



"Come, now, yo' heah wot I say?
Look out!"



"Dar, now, I reckon yo' quit
yo' foolin'."

DAZED.

"Henry, dear," said Mrs. Newbride to her husband the other morning, "I wish, if it won't be too much trouble, dear, that you'd bring me home a yard of orange ribbon this evening. I don't want it so very wide nor so very narrow; something between an inch and an inch-and-a-half, or, at most, an inch-and-three-quarters, will be about right. Be sure and get a pretty shade of orange, dear; and I'd prefer it with one side satin and the other gros-grain, although all satin or all gros-grain will do; but I think you can easily get the other if you look around a little; and be sure, dear, *not* to get a picquet-edged ribbon, but one with just a plain corded-edge; and *don't* get a slazy piece; and *don't* get any shade but orange; not a real *vivid* orange, either, but a piece that will look well with pale-green; and *don't* pay over thirty-five or forty cents for it; and *don't* get red or blue or green or pink by mistake. You won't forget, will you, dear? I *must* have the ribbon to-night."

Was it any wonder that when the dazed Henry came home he brought three yards of sky-blue watered ribbon? or that, when his wife saw it, she sank into a chair and gasped out:

"Why—Henry—New-bride!"



"Fo' land sake, is yo' still
libbin'?"



"My King! unfold yo' se'f,
yo' brack debbil."



"Hallelujah! Redemption!
I'se cotched him."

NO EXCUSE.

TRAVELER (*in railway restaurant*).—Two soft-boiled eggs and a glass of milk, in a hurry!

WAITER (*quarter of an hour later*).—Sorry to keep you so long, Boss, but de fact is, sah, dat dose—

TRAVELER.—That 'll do. You may stand there and talk all day, but you can't make me believe that it takes fifteen minutes to boil an egg three.

PHILOLOGICAL.

NOLAN (*fresh from "the ould sod"*).—Oi wondher phwat makes thim Dootchmen spake such a quare lingo, Teddy. Sure Oi can't undherstand thim at all, at all!

DOLAN.—Faix, it musht be the beer, Barney. Oi can't even undherstand mesilf very well afther drinkin' a couple av cans!

WE HAVE to learn to bear wealth. Poverty bares itself.

THE PRETTY HOUSEMAID is the lily of the valet.

SMARTNESS is knowing how to "catch on"; wisdom, how to let go.

THE DOGS we are warned to look out for always seem big enough and ugly enough to look out for themselves.

THERE is a price on the head of the Lake George snake; and that price is twenty-five cents. And pretty soon the snake trust will step nimble up to the captain's office to get the heads cashed.

A POOR WIDOW—One who can't remain unmarried any length of time.

REMORSE is a good-deal like a wooden leg. It may help you on your way, but you always think how much happier you would be without it.

THERE IS ALWAYS room at the top—and when a small man gets there, he only serves to set off the surrounding vacancy.

WHEN A WOMAN is unsuccessful in scaring a hen out of the garden, it is probably because her shoos are only half-souled.

HEALTH MAKES WEALTH—And there is more demand for the finished article than the raw material.

HOW A POET CAN MAKE MONEY—By keeping his fancies to himself and doing other work.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN—But sometimes we find nothing left to learn, except that it is too late.

THE SENSATIONAL COLUMNS of some dailies emulate the pollywog in their proportion of head to tale.

TO THE POET OF THE GARDEN.

—"But you never can put beans into poetry."—
 "My Summer in a Garden."
 —Charles Dudley Warner.



Dear Mr. Warner:
 In your book you say
 That there can be no
 poetry in beans,
 Which dainty hails from
 those poetic scenes
 That glow a Paradise in
 Omar's lay.

If after you've observed the bean's bloom-spray
 Flower the wind 'mid other alien greens
 You hold your harsh opinion, it but means
 The effete down East has rendered you blasé.

Poet and peasant for the sweet bean sigh,
 Whether of Lima or St. Botolph's town—
 O luscious banquet, fit for kings and queens!
 Fit for the gods upon Olympus high—
 We can't believe that, growing or baked brown,
 Poetically, you do not know beans.

R. K. M.

ARTHUR GETS CREDITED, FOR ONCE.

"You did n't squeeze my hand when you left
 us last night, Arthur."

"How could I? The whole step was covered
 with girls."

"Well, you got credit for it, anyhow, by shak-
 ing hands with the crowd."

FORMER UTTERANCES DISTRUSTED.

THE PRESIDENT.—I told you last Summer,
 Benny, that you must n't eat green apples, or
 they would give you the stomachache. Don't
 you remember?

BENNY.—Ouch! Yes; but—wow!—that
 was before election, and I—o-o-oh!—thought
 that things you said before election did n't—
 who-o-e-e-e!—go.

AN AUTOGRAPH.

(From Chicago.)

I DO NOT WRITE A SONNET
 sweet
 Upon her lips or eyes,
 I write one, rather, on her
 feet:
 'T is there the wonder
 lies.

No pen hold they all poised
 for flight,
 As does her shapely
 hand;
 Yet every step she takes,
 they write
 Her name upon the
 sand.

W. Bee.

AFTER THE BOOM.

"Ike," said Farmer Kaw,
 of Kansas, to the hired man,
 "you'd better hoe the pun-
 kins on Capitol Hill the first
 thing in the morning."

Hired Man.—I was just
 thinkin' uv cultivatin' the
 corn a little up Broadway
 as far as the Opera House
 corner.

FARMER KAW.—All right;
 you can hoe afterward. I'll put
 in the forenoon p'izonin' the
 prairie dogs in the Board of Trade
 Square, an' in the afternoon, we'll
 tackle the wheat from Prospect Av-
 enue to College Green.

AN EASTERN PAPER publishes an interview with
 John L. Sullivan, during one of his recent
 sprees, under the heading, "Jack and Gill."

A SIGN OF BROADWAY reads: "Summer shoes,
 \$2.50—warranted five months." What
 is the use of a Summer shoe that lasts five
 months, when our summers are really only
 two months long? What we need most is a
 Winter shoe that lasts ten months.

JOHN WANAMAKER bids fair to become the
 Peter Parley of American politics.

JULY WOUND UP with such weather in New
 York that patriotic tourists should have
 turned up their trousers in London.

IF YOUR FRIEND, who has been cultivating a
 kitchen garden all Summer, looks thin and
 wan, don't lay it wholly to hard work. He may
 be trying to live on what he has raised.

BEFORE LONG the suburban resident will arrive
 home late, and explain his absence with a
 freshet excuse.

A MASTER IN CHANCERY—John L.

"DON'T TALK to me about the White Moun-
 tain scenery!" snapped a young lady
 member of the "just-returned" brigade; "noth-
 ing but rocks and trees—not a man in sight!"

A DRILL IS A BORE—especially to the officer
 in charge of the awkward squad.

A HOT-CORN DEALER—One Called Upon to
 Put Up Another Margin.

A CITY CHILD, seeing a sunflower in the coun-
 try for the first time, said she never knew
 those artistic pen-wipers grew in gardens before.



CHANGED OWNERSHIP.

DONAVAN (who is not a reader).—Thim letthers
 on th' boord looks shtrange.

CALLAHAN.—They does!

DONAVAN.—An' now Oi see thot cat, Oi sussphis-
 shy that Devlin's sold out to a Ditchman!

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 Ginger
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 For Cramp^s & Colic^s

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 EVERY HALF HOUR till 10 P. M., directly to Grand Pier,
 Bowery Bay Beach; fare, 15c., excursion, 20c.; children, 5c., ex-
 cursion 10c.; also by horse railroad from 92d St. (Astoria) ferry
 from 6 A. M. till midnight. Fare, 10c. 656

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 cation of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps
 has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored bev-
 erage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the
 judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be
 gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to
 disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready
 to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many
 a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood
 and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.
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Weak Stomach, *****
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THEY HAVE 'EM.

A man who knows it all writes in the *Agri-culturist*: "Have regular hours for feeding hens." Now, I have made a passing study of hens, and if there is one minute of all the hours of daylight, from the moment it is light enough to see the surface of the earth until it is too dark to distinguish a grain of corn from a boulder, that a hen is n't feeding, I must have been away lecturing some place at that time. When there is any thing to eat the hen feeds with the eager appetite of a boy who has n't had any thing for ten minutes. When there is absolutely nothing, as on a wind-swept, weather-beaten cellar-door, or the newly-painted floor of the piazza, she will scratch away lustily, and pause at intervals in her scratching to go through the motions of eating. She will affect to pick up the most luscious tid-bits from the bare, inhospitable face of a polished marble door step that has just been scrubbed till it has a surface of glass. She will scratch on it, although it is all she can do to stand on its treacherous surface with all claws set, and then with exultant clucks affect to pick up in rapid succession a soft shell grub, an angle worm, stall feed and four inches long, a couple of blue point beetles and a shedder lady bug. Then she will walk away, casting upon you a glance of the most hypocritical contentment and satisfaction, as one who had dined luxuriously and escaped without tipping the waiter. Why, if a hen ate as much as she pretends to, her alimentary canal would have to be bended.—Robert J. Burdette, in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

SURE DEATH.

GREAT SCIENTIST.—I fear electricity will be a very uncertain means of execution.

LAYMAN.—I fear so. The only sure way to kill a man by electricity is to set him to work stringing telegraph poles at a dollar and a half a day.—*New York Weekly*.

A MISNOMER.

We often misname things we know.

We call it cream; it should be milk.

And now it's getting to be so

That flannel shirts are made from silk.

—Clothier and Furnisher.

A MARTYR TO DUTY.

MOTHER (*suspiciously*).—If you have n't been in swimming, how did your hair get so wet?

LITTLE DICK.—That's perspiration—runnin' away from bad boys wot wanted me to disobey you an' go in swimmin'!—*New York Weekly*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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See Notice on 15th page of PUCK No. 638.

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WISE IN HER GENERATION.

"Don't be foolish, Doris. What is the mat-
 ter, any way? Are you angry with Mr.
 Steadley?"

"No, I'm not angry; but I shall not go to
 the hop because—well—because Mr. Steadley
 will be sure to propose, and I'll be sure to say
 yes—and we can't afford to be engaged."—
Munsey's Weekly.

A VALUABLE POINTER.

"Do you see dot man ofer dere?"

"Yes."

"He is a fine man. You should get him to
 gif you a pointer."

"A pointer?"

"Yes; he gif me a pointer vonce dot vas vort
 twenty dollars."

"About what?"

"About nodding; id vas a dog."—*Merchant
 Traveler.*

HE HAD PROBABLY BEEN A CONTRIBUTOR
 TO PUNCH.

WHYTE.—I say, Lyons, you have a humor-
 ous turn. Why don't you submit some jokes to
 the comic papers? There are many editors in
 New York who would be glad to get them.

LYONS.—Well, I have; but I'm very much
 discouraged. I worked hard on some jokes the
 other day, and when I finished them everybody
 that saw them laughed at them.—*Munsey's
 Weekly.*

THAT'S U. S.

When the United States races for the America's
 cup she plays for keeps. This especial bit of in-
 formation has just reached us by cable from
 Lord Dunraven.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

A VERY PROPER PRESUMPTION.

BINGLY (*visiting at the Hub*).—I suppose,
 Gerald, you will be glad when you are old
 enough to wear suspenders?

GERALD (*four years old*).—Although out-
 wardly I have never displayed any aversion to
 appear in the rôle of infant terrible, yet I pre-
 sume that eventually, the article of wearing
 apparel you refer to will be welcomed by me
 much the same manner in which it is received
 by most youthful minds.—*Clothier and Fur-
 nisher.*

Ladies are greatly benefited by the use of Angostura Bitters,
 the South American tonic of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask
 your druggist.

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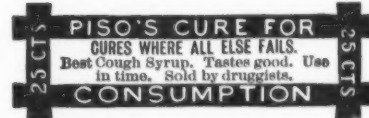
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